

The Indianapolis Leader.

J. Cayton City

\$2.00 Per Year.

VOL. III.

AN EQUAL CHANCE AND FAIR PLAY.

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NO. 44.

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INDIANAPOLIS LEADER.

CORRESPONDENCE.

[Correspondents will please make their communications as brief and concise as possible. Owing to our limited space, we are frequently compelled to leave out matter that we would like to publish, but can not for want of space. All letters outside of Indianapolis should reach us Thursday. All communications written on both sides of the paper will be refused.]

Toledo, Ohio.

George Smith, formerly on the road, is now clerk at the Allen House.

Messrs. Hall and Lyons left last Monday for Detroit where they will spend two weeks.

Miss Della Throckmorton, of Indianapolis, will be in the city soon, the guest of Mr. L. Swift.

It is rumored that two of our city belles will be led to the altar on the night of the lawn fête, June 26th.

Rev. Jackson of this city has returned from Cleveland, where he went to deliver an oration on decoration day.

The Grand Order of Odd Fellows will hold their monthly meeting on the 15 prox. All members are requested to be present.

On next Sunday will be the grand rally at A. M. E. church. We hope that the young men and ladies will give liberally. God likes cheerful giving.

Mr. L. Swift has opened up a first-class ice cream parlor at 125 Allen street, where he will give a square meal or any kind of refreshments in his line.

Mrs. Archie Allen was called away from the city very hastily last Tuesday night to Danesville, Va., to answer a dispatch announcing the sudden death of her sister.

Rev. W. H. Roberts, of Columbus, will be in this city next Sunday and will preach at the Third Baptist Church, while Elder Johnson of the same church will speak at the First Baptist Church, Detroit.

The birthday party given by Mr. and Mrs. Tait last Tuesday evening to their daughter, Miss Mary E., was a grand affair. About 15 couples were present; the presents were numerous, and the supper "par excellence." Her many friends wish her many returns for the pleasant evening spent.

MEN OF THE HOUR.

"Some are born great, some achieve greatness, some have greatness thrust upon them."—Shakespeare.



THOMAS HENRY BURKE,
LATE UNDER SECRETARY FOR IRELAND.
Thomas Henry Burke, late Under Secretary for Ireland, who was murdered on the 5th of 3 last in company with his chief, Lord Frederick Cavendish, was a son of the late William Burke, Esq., of Knocknagur, County Galway, Ireland. He was the presumptive to Sir John Lionel Burke, Bart., and was born on the 29th of May, 1829. Mr. Burke served both the political parties in the government of Ireland, was a consummate master of detail and a man much beloved. He was a comparatively humdrum life, of which little would have been said but for the tragic interest of his untimely taking off.



LORD FREDERIC CAVENDISH,
LATE CHIEF SECRETARY FOR IRELAND.
The successor of Mr. Forster as Chief Secretary for Ireland, Lord Frederic Cavendish, who was married in 1856 to Lady Louisa, daughter of the Duke of Devonshire, was born on the 20th of November, 1838, the son of the Duke of Devonshire. After his graduation at Trinity College, Cambridge, he became private secretary to Lord Granville. This was in 1863. Five years after he left that service and married the Hon. Lucy Caroline, second daughter of Lord Lytton. He was soon after elected a member of Parliament for a Yorkshire constituency, and uniformly voted with the Liberal party, but never made himself conspicuous as a member of the House of Commons. The victory of the Liberals in the general election of 1880 led to his appointment as a Junior Lord of the Treasury, which position he held until the 14th of May last, when he was promoted to the office of Chief Secretary for Ireland, a position which he held until his death. He was a man of fine physique and sound common sense, with a keen eye for the details of his work, and a high regard for the rights and liberties of all classes.

thing, together with the insatiable desire of our young people to be thought of as men and women, prevents many from pursuing the studies that are the grammar grades. This is particularly so of our young ladies of our beautiful Forest City. The Rev. T. H. J. and Hon. J. P. G. are far more able to handle this subject than your humble servant, but even that does not hinder "yours truly" from dropping a hint or so on that particular subject.

Rural, Ind.
Health good.
Fine weather again.
Farmers are busy finishing planting.
Wheat promises to be a fair crop. There seems to be much complaint of a strong crop of wheat.

Miss Carrie Bragg is attending the Normal at Winchester.

We understand that Rev. John Harper contemplates holding a basket meeting here on the third Sunday in June.

Rev. Wm. A. Culp preached a very commendable sermon at Shiloh Church last Sunday morning. His subject was "Resisting Satan." In such sermons should be preached in every quarter of the globe.

THE BARREN TREE.
OR,
NOTHING BUT LEAVES.
BY PROF. C. M. BRAGG.

The tree the largest of vegetation is found growing in most parts of the world. Most trees are productive and in some countries the inhabitants depend largely upon the products of the tree for their support. While most trees are productive there are some that do not produce anything but leaves. These are called "barren trees." In an orchard there is fine selection of the trees, thirty and in a fine flowering condition. The owner of the orchard looks upon these trees for promising results; year after year the trees bloom and bring forth fruit, yet there is one tree that characterizes itself from the others; not by its beautiful appearance, not by its statelyness or verdure, but by its producing nothing but leaves.

To-day we are surrounded by many young men who have had the kindness of fathers, the counsel of mothers, the assistance of brothers, the affection of sisters, and surrounded by a host of friends, and yet suffer themselves to drift upon the tide of time and produce "nothing but leaves." In every section of the country men may be found strolling from place to place, men without good talent who might establish themselves on a creditable foundation, obtain a situation in some of the active departments of life where they might do much for themselves and others, still they are the "barren tree," producing "nothing but leaves." Many young women, who are yet anchored in the bay, and who with culture might

make their heads the great depot of thoughts, and from this send excursions into the broad field of knowledge, and secure the golden ideas which would make their lives successful and happy. Yet many give away to flattery and flattery, and by the cunning craft of vice and infamy, they are snared and are found floating in the current with "nothing but leaves." Parents and guardians, who through gross negligence often fail to give them the proper training in their youthful days. Though they may be surrounded by morality and Christianity, still for lack of culture enter upon the stage of action, unprepared for first-class society, consequently produce "nothing but leaves." Many men engage in business with strong capital, plenty of friends and with an opening, promising a successful business, but in short, business fails, capital and friends both gone; simply because they have placed as debtors, upon their books who produced them "nothing but leaves." The drunkard in the gutter, the prisoner before the bar, the convict in his cell may be seen, and a fair sample of those who have yielded to the fruit, or nothing but leaves. Youth, you who are some day to be the leaders of our Grand Republic should at once sow the seed that will produce the full ripe grain instead of nothing but leaves.

Urbana, Ohio.
The "K. W. M." will hold a festival, June 22. Rev. Tolliver has gone to Cincinnati and Hamilton.

Mrs. Bell, of Sandusky City, is visiting Mrs. Gatewood, of North Church street.

Rev. Ray, of Bellefontaine, passed through our city this week en route to Springfield.

Mrs. Tolliver left this week to visit her mother, at Hamilton.

At the county convention held this week Rev. Myers was elected as delegate to the State convention at Columbus June 7th.

The pupils in a Grammar class are being examined for admission to the High School, and we hope they may succeed. Miss Boyd, one of the best scholars in the school, was the first of color ever admitted to the High School. In her examination last week in general history stood at the head of her class, having received 90 per cent.

School closes this week and I know the teachers are glad, and they will soon get the much-needed rest, and enjoy their vacation.

The annual exhibition of drawing and writing of the Public Schools took place last Friday evening at the Central building, and it did great credit to the teachers and pupils. Noticeable among the original designs were a great many drawings of the same kind, and were up to the standard. We would not forget to mention a portrait drawn by William Jones, of Lewisburg, Ohio, which was a masterpiece of art.

Several of our people attended, but not as many as should by any means, and why it is so, we are unable to say. It was a very interesting and profitable affair, and we will never regret it, and in the future he will call you blessed.

MOSES TAYLOR.
How He Saved \$300,000 by Trusting to His Institutions.

[New York Correspondence Philadelphia Press.]
Moses Taylor was a man who had the gift of turning into gold everything he touched. A man of vision, a man of great energy, a man of great intellect, a man of great courage, a man of great faith, a man of great love, a man of great power, a man of great influence, a man of great success.

He was born in 1810, in the town of Andover, Mass. He was educated at Harvard University, and was a member of the Phi Kappa Phi Honor Society. He was a man of great energy, a man of great intellect, a man of great courage, a man of great faith, a man of great love, a man of great power, a man of great influence, a man of great success.

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THE IMMACULATES

And Knights of the Temple of Industry—Notes, Etc., Etc.

As the success of all organizations depend upon the influence they throw around the community at large, we deem it expedient to acquaint the minds of those who are not familiar with our objects and motives. Orders, Societies and Governments, are instituted for the purpose of making a united effort in a given direction. It is a well established fact that one person can't accomplish a greater number of things than a group of men; hence great efforts are brought about by the concerted action of those who have the interest of any enterprise at heart. Men who have to earn their bread by the sweat of their brow, are in a measure dependent upon those who are in like circumstances; men who are identified among this class need the sympathy, protection and aid of others to bear them through the unforeseen difficulties, which they have to encounter while battling through this life; therefore we as laboring men form ourselves into one strong band united with the strongest ties of industry, to advance and assist those who are worthy to fill an important position, and are left to walk around without the sympathy and care that belong to a race of people, and others with their hands idle until they are compelled by the necessities of life to commit some rash act that does not only bring upon him the indignation of the law, but an indelible stain upon the unrepurchasable reputation of those who are dependent upon him while he had had anyone whose obligations forced them to minister to his welfare, he might have shunned all of the troubles that are at no time among the number belonging to this society, for there are always more or less vacancies known of by them and would be glad to fill it in accordance with their obligations, to secure it for a member who was identified with them. It is a well established fact, that unions of similar organizations are carried on throughout the world, that have listened to ceremonies, which have caused very beneficial results. It is a fixed fact well known to those who are familiar with the history of any nation or any organized body, that where benevolence most prevails civilization most abounds; the latter follows the former as inevitable as effect follows cause, thus being without doubt true. There should not every lover of industry strive to promote the comfort and happiness of his fellow-man both present and future. While this is only a few of the good results that may be expected from an organized body of this kind, and there are many more that might be spoken of. Societies are formed by a number of persons uniting to accomplish a certain object, or to attain desired ends. It was intended from the beginning that man should be a social being, he must have society and be the companion of his fellow-man, or he will drift into barbarism and heathenism. Men are created intelligent beings, civilization, art, science and culture, comes only from a united effort; therefore we have formed ourselves into one solid band, linked together by the strongest ties of industry, and we take for our motto, "Truth and Union." Men are every virtue, to be good and true to each other is what we obligate ourselves to do, being influenced by this principle, and disinterestedly we will endeavor to do so, and our tongues will ever find utterances for promotion, and our hearts will be enraptured in each others prosperity. Union is that people which is so essential to the success of any enterprise, and will discriminate our action and spread the cement of brotherly love and protection, and establish for us an untarnished reputation of our past transactions. To the unworthy our doors are ever closed, but to the worthy the invitation is ever extended. Come and sojourn with us, and be benefited by the sacred instruction and good counsel that you will receive from those who style themselves the K. of T. H. J. Fox.

The Trustees, Board of Directors and D. G. M. are to be elected on the evening of the 26th, by order of the Grand Lodge.

The Captain's Council will meet Wednesday evening, the 14th inst. for business in the 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, degrees. Members wanting degrees will appear at that meeting, and the petitions signed by the P. S. at the Blue Lodge.

It would be well for the members to ask for the general law, rules and regulations of the Immaculates, and thereby keep themselves posted. By so doing you would be of much benefit to your lodge meetings. Ask for the law, and you can have it.

Members desiring benefits when they are sick must notify their lodge, and if they are absent from their own lodge, and get their papers stating that they are in good standing. You can then receive benefits from the lodge nearest to you, and the said lodge will be notified by the lodge of which you are a member for the same.

The reinstatement of the Queen Esther Court is strengthening the lodge quite forcibly. While the work, as yet, has never been properly presented to the ladies, still it seems to have had its good effect, which has never lost power, and the ladies are ready and willing to become a part of the Immaculate body at the earliest possible opportunity. The brethren are hard at work making all the necessary arrangements, so that it may be established on a solid foundation.

The Grand Master's communication is to the effect that he or his deputy will be here at an early date to organize the protom, into a lodge, and to give us a lecture in the new work. Take notice and govern yourselves accordingly, and present yourselves at the captain's council at the time stated in the above. Because, if Greek must meet Greek, the council members must be on their p's and q's. Don't forget the important business of Monday, June 12. Turn out in full, and we will have a good meeting. R. J. J.

The National Board of Health Talks
Health of the Country.

The mortality report from the National Board of Health has been received at the Health Office. It contains some very interesting figures. Among other things, Indianapolis is marked with the lowest death rate of any city in the United States, the rate being ninety-nine, being based on a population of 100,000.

Cincinnati, 114; population, 355,000.
Louisville, 173; population, 140,000.
Terre Haute, 152; population, 27,000.
Indianapolis, 99; population, 100,000.
Nashville, 28; population, 43,000.
Chicago, 215; population, 508,000.
Milwaukee, 34; population, 115,000.
St. Paul, 31; population, 41,000.
Minneapolis, 37; population, 45,000.
St. Louis, 175; population, 500,000.
Detroit, 174; population, 120,000.
New York, 38; population, 1,200,000.
Brooklyn, 26; population, 804,000.
Philadelphia, 23; population, 567,000.

Twenty-four hours later definite news came that sent Blank stock down into the teens, but Mr. Taylor had sold his last share. He had saved \$300,000 by trusting to his institutions and changing sleeping cars, instead of putting to Blank to obtain the facts. And he had not even told a Wall Street

hush. At times his lips moved convulsively, as if unable to repress the anguish that cramped his heart. His tearful eyes expressed the terrible grief and awful solicitude of that plain but deeply-feeling pioneer. Mother Nancy's earthly moments were numbered. This Thomas could not disguise from himself. He saw it by the unsteady light, scarcely perceptible convulsions of the emaciated body; by the change that had taken place in the last hour of her beautiful, gentle face; by the eyes that became more and more glazed, and now and then lit up with an expression of love and anxiety for her dear ones.

"Stop reading, Abe," he murmured, trembling with apprehension; "it worries your mother."

"No," breathed Mrs. Lincoln, in broken sentences; "it seems as though angels—were singing psalms—as though the entire glory—of the other world were disclosed to me—yes, thus—I always wished to die—the blue heaven above me, you at my side—and God's word on my lips. Your hand, Thomas."

The husband bent over his wife and took her right hand, which she was unable to lift.

Abe had been silent. He now looked into his mother's face, hastily closed the Bible and sprang up from the log.

"Gracious God! my mother is dying!" he gasped, and reeled, pale and trembling, to her side, while Sarah uttered a cry, and, calling on her knees, buried her face, over which tears were streaming, in the lap of the dying woman. But she embraced his mother and held her in his arms as though, poor boy, he could in that way stay the soul of the so dearly loved mother.

"Don't cry," she whispered; "is not death a relief to me? I am prepared—I feel that I shall remain with you even when I am gone. I shall pray for you in heaven—and shall see you again. Be virtuous, Sarah. Remain honest and true, my Abraham, and love your father—he will bring you up as Christians, and I can die contentedly—and you—Thomas—"

"My Nancy, my wife!" stammered the strong man now thoroughly overcome.

"I have been faithful to you," she continued, in a feeble tone, "you have done your duty. Thanks for all your kindness to me! And now—God be with you all!"

The noble woman endeavored to utter a few more words of love, but they were lost in an unintelligible murmur. One more glance she cast on all around her, and then her beautiful eyes, formerly so radiant with love, became dim, the lips trembled for the last time. Death had come to her like sweet sleep; serene and holy transfiguration lay over her quivering features; a smile hovered around the lips. Life had fled from Lincoln's face, and he lay there as though he were dead.

Over whom the last faint rays of the sun shed their mild rosy hues. The children fell weeping at the feet of the lifeless body. Thomas Lincoln still retained the now cold hand within his own.

"Let us pray, children," he muttered in deepest agony, "that God may not forsake us in the hour of our greatest trial and need—you have no mother now!"

The Grand Circus Royal arrived in the city Thursday morning and pitched its tents on the lot south of the Vandalia Freight Depot. There was a performance given during the afternoon, which was largely attended by those who are easily guided into going to see everything that comes along, no matter what style of a show it is. The admission was placed at a quarter of a dollar, and it is a question whether those in attendance secured the worth of their money. During the evening the canvassmen received part of their wages, and no sooner was this done than they began to leave in the Jersey lightning, and by the time the night performance began they were all half seas over. Everything went well until about 10 o'clock, a few minutes before the show was over, when several of the drunken canvassmen became unruly, and a "racket" on South street. While this was going on several boys attempted to crawl under the canvass, whereupon these fellows commenced clubbing them. This enraged a number of men standing about the tent, and then began the "fun." Brickbats, stones, car-pins and everything in a line all at once filled the air, and the oaths of those hit by the flying missiles were horrible to hear. At this juncture of the racket some one produced a pistol and fired four shots in the air, which had the effect of scattering the crowd. The police then appeared and settled the matter by locking one man up, but this was not done until the City Hospital. A hostler connected with the show, named Charlie Gates, had his left ear almost cut off and another hostler, named Heckler, was cut over the head. A stranger, whose name could not be learned, was shot in the hand. A canvassman, named Arthur, who had just joined the show, was cut on the head, and at a late hour was in an unconscious condition. Just how many were injured is not known.

Counterfeiters Bagged.
CHICAGO, June 8.—The Secret Service officers about midnight captured a gang of four counterfeiters, with 600 counterfeit dollars and a quantity of tools, molds, etc. The names are George Ellis, John H. Clark, Fred Leland and David Arado. All are well known as shavers of the queer. Their room was on Wells street, near Kenzie, and the arrests were made at the pistol's mouth.

GRAND REUNION

of the
ODD FELLOWS of INDIANA,

At the Exposition
Building and State
Fair Grounds,

JUNE 22

LINCOLN'S MOTHER.
Interesting story of her death—The love borne by the statesman for his aged parent—The Log Cabin and the Days of Poverty—The Last Sad Scene.

[Washington Republican.]
The following interesting chapter is from the historical novel, just published at Stuttgart, Germany, by Dr. Theodore Catisius, and entitled "Abraham Lincoln," and translated for the National Republican by Miss Eda Catisius, daughter of the author. Dr. Catisius was an intimate friend of President Lincoln, and has come into possession of many interesting facts relating to the Lincoln family which would tend to make him a faithful biographer.

Unfortunately Abe was not allowed to follow his own inclination. The summer season again called him from his studies. Not only was there work in abundance in the woods and fields, but the state of his mother's health became more and more hopeless, so that he was again compelled to perform the hardest work of the household, which his sister could not accomplish alone. The noble-hearted Mrs. Lincoln had become the shadow of her former self. Pale and emaciated, she glided about the house and when she attempted now and then to perform with weak and trembling hands some little task she felt as though the exertion had exhausted all her energies. She seemed like a moving corpse, and only her strong will appeared to shield her body from total dissolution. She would not depart from her loving ones, and she lived, but how miserable that life during the whole of that summer! What a torture it had become to her! How many sleepless, feverish nights succeeded each other!

At last she could no longer even move about the house to direct and superintend the household affairs. For days she lay prostrate on her bed, with eyes closed, only now and then lifting a few words, yet whatever she uttered in such moments was filled with tender care for her family. Even in the occasional feverish wanderings of her mind her thoughts lingered on that which in her laborious existence had formed the very essence of her life, and disclosed the once untiring activity of a worthy, excellent, and industrious housewife. On warm sunny days Father Thomas would carry the weak and now feather-light sufferer into the shade of a tree in front of the little house, and Abe and his sister, sitting with loving hands a couch of pillows and bedding. There Mother Nancy often sat for hours together, the child creeping through her frame even in the glowing sun. Even then she looked with a faint smile toward her husband, who worked in the adjoining field, and who cast at intervals a careworn and anxious look towards his suffering wife; or her eyes followed the flight of birds as they soared to the sky, higher and higher, to that far and unknown land toward which her soul was striving, for Mother Nancy was about to close her earthly existence, although she struggled against her approaching dissolution.

How beautiful in such moments, the sunlight transfigured the mild countenance of the parent and dying woman! How distinctly it was then revealed that a pure, God-fearing soul was departing this life! The quiet and pious expression of her face was truly spiritual, the beautiful, eloquent eyes were clearer than ever, and over her entire figure was poured that holiness with which the nature of a just person in the last hours of life, like a premonition of eternal happiness, is endowed. And when Sarah, who so early had to take the housewife's place, left the hut and her work now and then to attend to her mother's wants—when Abe awkward and slovenly as he was, crept with sorrowful face toward the sufferer, and looked with his large, intelligent eyes tearfully upon the invalid, often plucking shyly but tenderly at the pillows upon which she rested, or overcome with grief, bent over her powerless, and emaciated mother, and mingling tears with his burning kisses—even then she had a smile for him, and no worldly anxiety was visible in her pale, sweet face; for as Heaven shed its glorious light over her features faith and hope filled her heart and robbed the thought of death of its horrors.

A lovely autumn day was drawing to an end. The sun had just disappeared behind the tops of the forest trees; the ether, with its light, motionless clouds, glowed in rosy hues and shed a soft, golden light over the side and field and over the cabin of the Lincolns. It was yet daylight, and the little family formed a quiet and sad group before the house, LeGrand, who during the first stage of Nancy's illness had repeatedly called at the house of our settlers, now wandered again among the Indians of the Far West. No one was present but the father, the suffering mother, and her two children.

It was a Sunday evening, too. Abe had already, on many a Sabbath, undertaken his mother's holy office of reading the Scriptures to the pious and godly family. Now, again, he sat upon a log near Mother Nancy, the old family Bible upon his knees, reading the Gospel in a soft but clear voice. His little sister sat beside the roughly-in-provided couch of the mother, looking dreamily into her pale face and sunken eyes, while one of the thin hands of the patient woman rested upon the daughter's curly head. Father Thomas leaned against the tall sycamore, where mighty branches shadowed the log-cabin and the sorrowing little group. His broad chest, across which his arms were folded, heaved and betrayed the feelings of the husband. He gazed motionless into his wife's almost moribund countenance, over which at that moment the evening cast a roseate

hush. At times his lips moved convulsively, as if unable to repress the anguish that cramped his heart. His tearful eyes expressed the terrible grief and awful solicitude of that plain but deeply-feeling pioneer. Mother Nancy's earthly moments were numbered. This Thomas could not disguise from himself. He saw it by the unsteady light, scarcely perceptible convulsions of the emaciated body; by the change that had taken place in the last hour of her beautiful, gentle face; by the eyes that became more and more glazed, and now and then lit up with an expression of love and anxiety for her dear ones.

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